

•week to tell them that they have nothing to say. Your good lady, I am aware, sends you daily bulletins, and I am quite sure that nothing certain or contingent in this odd world can possibly escape the comprehensive circuit of her lively pen. . . .

As I understand you are in want of a book I send you the most amusing in any language—for such I do not hesitate to style the *Memoirs of Benvenuto Cellini*. It is many years since I read it, and I was then enchanted. I should have been entranced with rapture had I then been in Italy. The whole scene lies at Boine, Florence (especially), Milan, Padua, Paris, Fontainebleau, Lyons, &c. You will read it with great delight and sympathise with all his scrapes. The part that •will least please you will not be his interesting history of his Perseus—his beautiful Persetis — which you will remember in the more beautiful Palazzo Vecchio at Firenze. . . . I shall be very happy when we are all together again and at Fy field. . . . Jem is richer than ever and struts about town in a kind of cloth shooting jacket made by the celebrated Hyde of Winchester — almost as celebrated as a tailor as Dr. Chard is as a musician. In this quaint costume, with the additional assistance of a sporting handkerchief, he looks very much like one of those elegant, half blackguard, half gentleman speculators in horseflesh who crowd Winchester market and dine at the 'good ordinary at two o'clock,' for which great grub, if you remember, the bell rang loud and long as we crossed from the Cathedral.

Your sincere friend,

B. D.

In some interval of comparative health during the first year of his illness, Disraeli recurred to the idea of a satire on contemporary society, •which he had attempted to carry into execution in his twentieth year ; and ' The Adventures of Mr. Aylmer Papillon,' which had been rejected by John Murray, soon grew into *The Voyage of Captain Popanilla*, which was accepted by Colburn and was given to the world as the work of 'The author of *Vivian Grey*' in the late spring of the year 1828. The main object of the piece is to ridicule the then rising sect of the Utilitarians. Popanilla is a native of the Isle of Fantaisie, an earthly paradise in the Indian Ocean, where men lead lives of careless happiness amid the